

John Cale, The Soul Of Carmen Miranda

Since the soul of Carmen Miranda had captured the mind of man
Dismissed with her generation for the price of a can-can
Consigned to the sideshows of history, with the patronized orphans of film
She seeded the bait and offered the faint hope of chance to innocent men
In love with the trance of her dances
And abandoned by them
And abandoned by them
She called in the boys
She remembered their names, and the sorry condition they came in
The dances were soiled, they spun and recoiled
From the master tapdancer inside them, beside them
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